

As It Was

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As It Was

by [ceruleon](#)

Summary

Wilbur can never fill the many holes left behind in Quackity's life, not for lack of trying. Simply because Wilbur is his own and no one could ever be Wilbur and Wilbur could never be anyone else.

Notes

don't fuckin look at me

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The thing is, it's not even the first time, or close to the second or third. He's lost count actually and he's not sure *what* that says about him and he's not quite sure he's past the point of caring. Though he should be, considering everything else about him.

He's pressed against a wall, wings ruffled against his back, long, calloused, smoke kissed fingers in his hair, while teeth dig and press into the sides of his throat.

It's not the first time, nor the last, still the sick feeling of guilt and want and *need* swirl in his stomach as if it was the first time.

Wilbur kisses like a dying man, Quackity would laugh at that if he found the breath in his lungs too but Wilbur has him gasping and keening for the better half of an hour now. He's lightheaded, the room is spinning and Wilbur's kisses taste like *death*. Like they *always* have.

Since the first time, till they're last. Wilbur kissed him like it was the last time Wilbur would ever do anything. As if he was going to war he wasn't going to return from, as if Quackity's lips on his was the only reason to exist in that moment, desperate and wanting and something only *Quackity* could give.

It made him feel good. How couldn't it? Being so *needed*. Quackity lets it get to his head, lets it run his cheeks warm and breathe little sighs onto Wilbur's chapped lips as the taller man paws at his body to get closer and closer.

It always starts the same, an argument, a bet, a tease taken too far, ending in the nearest cramped room, dark corner, with red bitten lips and hazed eyes and absolutely nothing solved. Just messier and messier feelings, tangled like his fingers in Wilbur's hair and shirt.

This time it was a lost poker game, on Wilbur's part. He hadn't been taking the game seriously in the first place but still, he'd never really liked losing. Quackity knows that, better than most, he also knows if he winks and smiles as he pushes Wilbur's chips towards his own pile that Wilbur will return the smile with billowing smoke leaving behind his teeth. Knows that if he twirls a loose lock of hair around his fingers Wilbur's eyes will follow the movement. Feels them trace over his body as he walks around the table towards Wilbur's chair, which he pushes backwards to make space for Quackity to inevitably take up.

Knows that if he tugs on Wilbur's collar and asks him, softly, teasingly, "*Let me make it up to you?*" to soften the blow of losing that Wilbur will grab him and leave stinging kisses wrapped in laughter against his lips.

Quackity knows, because he's done it before and yet he smiles like it's the first time when Wilbur does exactly that.

"You're so predictable," he muses on a gasp onto the shell of Wilbur's ear as Wilbur bites softly on the skin of his collarbone. Wilbur scoffs, plants a kiss to the now bruised skin, trails

his hand into sensitive feathers as he kisses up Quackity's jaw.

Quackity tries to think of warmer bodies on his own. One burning with unnatural heat and another soothing and tender in the way the endless night sky is. Wilbur is nothing like *them*. He's never been anything like *them*. It's almost annoying, off putting and aching the way Wilbur isn't just a *replacement*, something for the time being. Quackity tried, with all the countless times they've found themselves in this position to think of it as something to pass the time, to quell a boredom that isn't really there, to pretend it's someone else and open wounds that haven't healed, to hurt, to forget, just for fun even.

It never works out that way. Nothing with Wilbur ever works out that way. Wilbur can never fill the many holes left behind in Quackity's life, not for lack of trying. Simply because Wilbur is his own and no one could ever be Wilbur and Wilbur could never be anyone else.

"You don't react like I'm predictable," Wilbur breathes into his skin, hot and heavy, nicotine and alcohol addictive.

"Talking too much, you're gonna start to bore me," Quackity whispers, the air between them heated more than the cold palms Wilbur traces along his body. Quackity wishes they were scalding, Quackity wishes he didn't love the feeling of Wilbur's thin and pretty fingers on his body, Quackity wishes he didn't enjoy *Wilbur* as much as he does.

"I could never bore you, *lovebird*," Wilbur smirks against the tendons of his throat and Quackity sighs.

It's true, maybe the only true thing about them, Wilbur could never bore him.

"I wish you would," *It'd be easier to not like you so much then*, goes unsaid, He's sure Wilbur heard it anyways with the soft laugh he gives in return.

"You sound pretty when you compliment me."

"That wasn't a compliment, it just *wasn't* an insult."

"From you that's practically singing praises and I *adore* hearing you *sing*," Wilbur's cold hands drag underneath his shirt onto Quackity's skin, leaving him gasping and stuck between pressing away and pressing *closer*.

"Just fucking kiss me again," He groans and Wilbur laughs and complies. Kisses him until the room is spinning, until he can't breathe, until everything in the world is nothing but him and *Wilbur* and things don't hurt as much like that.

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The first time he kissed Wilbur it was against the presidential desk of his soon to be *husband's* office.

He wasn't proud of it. He couldn't say he was quite *ashamed* of it either. He also really didn't consider himself at fault for any of it and anyone who did was literally dead.

It had been another grueling day of arguing with not only Schlatt but with every person who came into the aforementioned office and trying to swallow down his own *morality*. Wilbur was one of them, the last of them, pushed purposely to the end of the itinerary as yet another ‘Fuck You’ from the presidency that already had taken so much from him.

It was kinda overkill on Quackity’s opinion, an opinion that when voiced went completely and utterly ignored, after being berated, of course.

He had sat silently, watched as Wilbur talked and argued and debated. Followed the arch of his fingers when he waved them through the air and tapped them along the sides of his chair. Noticed the slight coloring along his cheeks and nose, the soft curve of his lips and sharp line of his jaw. Watched with rapt attention as those nimble fingers never shook in his arguing, only leaving his line of sight once to dig in his pocket for a cigarette.

“You got a match?” Wilbur asked, tone laced with attitude and a lightness that amused Quackity and assuredly pissed off Schlatt, who’s eyebrows only seemed to be knitted tighter and tighter together as the conversation went on. It made Quackity go slightly chilled, already knowing what their night was going to *surely* be like.

Maybe he'd ask George to go drink with him, stay out of the house as long as he could, maybe until Schlatt drank himself to sleep.

“Oi, give the man a fucking match so we can move on already,” Schlatt’s coarse voice rips him from his plannings and Quackity can only thank god for not stumbling over his feet as he nods and approaches Wilbur, rooting around his pockets.

“Sorry,” he mumbles, trying not to flinch at the replying scoff. He strikes a match, sighing as it lights, holding his fingers out for Wilbur to grab. Wilbur takes two steps to come closer, it’s then Quackity is reminded of how *tall* the guy is.

Lanky and towering, his brown eyes are surprisingly soft when he looks down at Quackity, a softness he doesn’t deserve, soft enough to keep Quackity still as thin fingers and a gloved palm wrap around his wrist, not anywhere close to bruising, if Quackity wanted to he could remove the hand.

If Quackity wanted too.

Wilbur smiles, a smile that says he *knows*, sly and slow as he drags Quackity’s hand closer, leaning down to where the match meets his cigarette. Quackity can't look away, he’s glad for the steady hand on his wrist for he’s sure he’d be trembling without it. His hand warms with the puff of smoke Wilbur gives once the cigarette lights, Quackity *breathes* it in, holds the warm air in his lungs the whole trip back behind Schlatts desk, lets it make his head swim, fingers tingle, watches Wilbur inhale another drag.

“Thank you *sweetheart*,” he says as he exhales and Quackity all but chokes as he mumbles telling Wilbur to shut the fuck up. It makes Wilbur laugh, it makes Schlatt angry, and for the first time in a while, Quackity feels like he can *breathe*.

The meeting ends in a shouting match, the rest of his afternoon is a shouting match, with new blossoming and colorful insults thrown his way, punctuated by a slammed door and shattered bottle.

A regular wednesday.

Quackity is cleaning up the shattered pieces, pretending his tears are over the many cuts the glass is leaving on his skin when the door opens again.

“This is the quickest you’ve ever come back to apologize, which by the way *you* should be apologizing fo-“ he starts, rambling and nervous as he turns towards the door, only to find Wilbur in Schlatt’s place.

“Hi, *lovebird*,” Wilbur says, it’s instant and dizzying how the room stills and tenses, Quackity listens to the soft twinkle of falling glass as he stands from the mess he was cleaning.

“Wilbur,” his voice is soft, too soft for the circumstances yet he can’t seem to help it. “I thought you left.” It seems redundant to point out, still he feels the need to talk, talking has always been his strong point.

Wilbur seems to know that so he doesn’t waste a second, crossing the room in long quick strides, until he’s in front of Quackity, until he has Quackity in his hands and his world is spinning on its axis, stopping only with the harsh wood of the desk digging into his back and Wilbur’s body against his front.

“Wil-“ Is as far as he gets into his name because Wilbur is kissing him. It isn’t gentle, it isn’t unkind. Potent and claiming, everything Wilbur encompasses Quackity melts despite himself, because of course being a fucking fantastic kisser was also one of Wilbur’s talents.

He loses himself far too quickly, nearly embarrassingly if it wasn’t for the lack of affection he wasn’t getting on the daily, he nearly keens when Wilbur pets through his wings, the pleasure slightly snapping him into consciousness.

“I’m engaged,” he gasps, repeating it only centimeters away from Wilbur’s kiss raw lips. He hasn’t moved, hasn’t pushed the hands on his hips away, hasn’t unclenched his own from where they’re wrapped in Wilbur’s collar

“I know,” Wilbur mumbles and Quackity fills with pride at the breathlessness of the words. “I saw it when you lit the match,” Wilbur says, tracing the silver band around his finger. It makes Quackity shiver and Wilbur grin slightly. “He didn’t even get you gems on this,” Wilbur whispers, displeased.

“The real ring will be different,” Quackity replies, the defense sounds weak to his own ears.

“Is that what he tells you?” Wilbur asks and Quackity’s silence is all the answer he needs.

“He doesn’t deserve you.”

“And you think you do?” Quackity scoffs, anger starting to rise at the *audacity* Wilbur had to tell him anything about his relationship. Emotions conflict and tear at him, it’s exhausting and biting, he digs his nails into Wilbur’s shirt, ready to pull and push when Wilbur’s words stop him again.

“No, I don’t.” The words are tender, said with eyes so honest it catches Quackity off guard. His breath is stuck in his throat as he watches Wilbur. Open and tired, painted blue with the waning sunset, in a country that used to be his home, kissing one of the men accountable for his exile. Quackity opens his mouth to speak, to say *anything*.

“But I don’t need too,” Wilbur says, teasing and cold and all too much like himself. “You’ll let me kiss you anyways.”

“Fuck you” Quackity sneers and feels the way Wilbur laughs against his lips because he was right. Like he always is.

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Everytime after that was more of the same. Harsh words and harsher kisses, bruises and bite marks and shared breaths. Until Wilbur was gone, brutally and tragic. Gone.

The kisses laid on Quackity’s skin after that burned, deliciously and possessive or soft as a morning breeze. The way Quackity was *loved* was gentle, kind and deep, in ways that didn’t hurt the next day. That ached, soothed and was in no way *deserved*. But Quackity was selfish, as he always has been, and indulged until he couldn’t.

Then suddenly Wilbur was back and it was the same until it wasn’t.

Quackity’s heart beat as they argued, as Wilbur crowded into his space and mocked him, as he traced his fingers along Quackity’s wrist when he passed as a tease, as he flirted and insulted him with the same breath.

It was familiar, it made his heart sing. Twisted and aching for *something* he’d been missing.

“Thought you were engaged,” Wilbur bites against his lips with a dark chuckle and Quackity hates the way the words still get under his skin. It’s dark in his office, none of the dazzling lights of the casino leaking inside, and not for the first or last time, he has Wilbur pressed against his desk and is kissing him senseless, this time after a fight about the fucking rival restaurants.

“Aw, you must be really mad about this competition,” Quackity spits back, listening to the sharp and angry inhale that precedes a bruising kiss and yank to his hair. Quackity laughs, short and breathless at the pain blooming along his gums and skull, *that’s more like it*, he thinks.

It’s familiar until it isn’t. The years have changed them, *death* has changed them, Quackity was a fool to think otherwise. But that’s nothing new really.

Wilbur's kisses grow softer, as much as he can be. Touches sweeter, words kinder and lovelier. They make Quackity's blood rush to his face, heat him all over, shy and overwhelmed as his stomach turns at the *emotions*.

This time is one of those. Wilbur is taking his time, there's no pain where his fingers meet Quackity's body, where they comb through his wings, no teeth to follow opened mouth kisses to his jaw and collarbone, only soft pressed of lips against blushing overheated skin.

It makes Quackity's heart race, mind jammed with too many thoughts and feelings he would do better without. It feels good, lovely and sweet. His heart all but freezes when Wilbur kisses down his chest, stopping to breathe against the set of rings that hang between the hollow of his ribs.

Bejeweled with rubies and emeralds and gold.

When Wilbur asks, gently much too gently, "Could we have been?"

Quackity pretends not to know what he's talking about.

"Been what?" Wilbur knows and Quackity sighs, aware at the coming line of questioning.

"Lovers, fiancé's whatever means more than this?" *This*. A lump forms in Quackity's throat and he can't understand why. *This*. The arguments and bloody kisses and fevered hands and touches that are too selfish to ever be mistaken for *love*.

"Shut the fuck up god you talk so much holy shit" Quackity answers, because he doesn't want to think, never wants to think when they're like this. He expects Wilbur to tell him he should be used to it by now, and to laugh and maybe shove at him before reaching up into brown and white curls and pulling him closer and closer until there's nowhere else to go.

"Indulge me in it" Wilbur says instead, voice soft, like the free falling of a feather to pillowed ground. It freezes Quackity slightly, the tone much to open for what they're doing, too genuine, *tender*. He looks up into hazy brown eyes, glasses long time discarded to a corner of the room.

There's few lost curls falling around Wilbur's cheeks, white with *death*, striking against the rich brown. There's a slight flush to his cheeks, competing against his cherry red mouth and the blush tracing his neck. He's pretty and he's staring at Quackity like it's the first time.

Quackity looks away.

"I'm indulging you enough." He huffs, twisting Wilbur's head up to press a kiss to his neck, not letting himself get lost in the fluttering pulse beneath his lips.

"Just a bit more *lovebird*," Wilbur whispers. "Indulge me just a little more." His too cold hands lay across Quackity's hips, squeezing once. The cold seeps through his thin clothes, hands of a corpse, it makes him shiver.

"Don't call me that, and god fuck I don't know. I don't like thinking about that. Why do you?" He spits out the question like an accusation, like he should be embarrassed about it. He

sucks a mark into the skin just beneath Wilbur's ear and traces the tip of his tongue in the shape of a heart to soothe it. Wilbur huffs another laugh.

"I think we could've been good," Wilbur replies, so good naturedly it almost pisses Quackity off, if he wasn't so busy fighting off the raging storm inside him. He moves slowly, letting his hands move smoothly to cup Wilbur's face in them instead of tugging on his hair. They're close enough to share breaths, Quackity gazes at the shadow of Wilbur's lashes on his cheeks and Wilbur smiles at the beauty marks on Quackity's own. Spots he had laid kisses on only minutes ago.

His head spins with moments that never happened, never even had the possibility of happening and moments that got too close to something more. It hurts, it rages and burns behind his eyes, moments of heated kisses behind locked doors that could've turned to sweet kisses of good morning and night. Moments he'd shared with other people, people he can't love anymore.

We could've been good. Swirls in his ears, Wilbur is smiling at him, worn and tired, as if mourning. Quackity can't take it.

I could've loved you, he thinks.

"I think you should kiss me again," He says instead. Wilbur grins like he hears it anyways but nevertheless contends. He leans down and kisses Quackity and it isn't like any time before. Deep and soft and sorrowful, filled with a screaming heart and loss. Quackity gasps, Wilbur laughs, he kisses him again.

"That's also good" Wilbur whispers against his lips and Quackity pretends not to notice the ache of tears in his eyes, the gentle way Wilbur cups his face, as if holding precious molten gold, knowing this is their first and last time kissing like this.

I could've loved you, the thought wraps around his throat and constricts, Wilbur leaves kisses to the tip of his nose and eyelashes. *I could've loved you,* Wilbur traces nimble fingers through the feathers at his back. *I could've loved you,* and his lungs feel like they're on fire, as Wilbur's cold hands lay across Quackity's own.

I could've loved you, the words are mirrored in Wilbur's brown eyes, blown dark and red rimmed and achingly beautiful. *It's too late for that now,* Quackity kisses him, slowly, velvety, tainted in mourning for what never was.

They kiss for what feels like days, Quackity's mouth tastes like cigarettes and cherries, his skin shivers from where Wilbur touched him, he can still feel him hours after he's gone. It's like it is all the time, since their first till their last, As it was and always shall be.

End Notes

when ur rebound is actually just like someone u actually like gasp emoji

in my head tnt duo could've been healthy and lovely, just not, in this lifetime.

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